

of virtue. History, that factitious, partial mirror, expatiates largely on the crimes of mankind, but she is often silent respecting their private virtues.

*" On wings of fame immortal scandals fly,
 " Whilst virtuous actions are but born and
 " die."*

Such were the thoughts the honest Strephon was ruminating upon, and such the words he was uttering, when Doriman, his nephew, whose ruling passion was avarice, entered the room; and, after the usual morning congratulations, the following conversation ensued.

Believe me, my dear nephew, I should be happy to have it in my power to convince you of your error; this remonstrance it is my duty to make, however disagreeable it may appear to you; but I fear it will be ineffectual: you cannot even blush for your behaviour. Infatuated youth! Are the seeds of virtue entirely destroyed in you? It is your boast that you are void of sensibility? Alter your conduct, or never expect to see me again.

Sir, said the nephew, are not the instructions I received from my father equal to yours?—You have run after what is called honour, but what extraordinary fruits have you gathered from it.

Honour,

Honour, answered the uncle, is not properly understood by you. My is sufficient; I require no more—yours after my death. But I don't know whether the poor are not the best entitled to my heirs; yet I cannot forget my even if they forget themselves. I dear nephew, it is not in my power, time, to open your heart to the light of reason, or to the shafts of sentiment. I doubt not will extort from those salutary blush, and open your eyes that you may see distinctly the false you have received; hearken to an uncle who loves you, and who has nothing but your happiness.

Can reason, Sir, said Doriman, be employed to better purpose than I have? Have I any vices? who dare reproach me with any? I am indebted to no man; I have injured any man; though all mankind endeavour to injure.—I only excite my riches and œconomy.

Go no further, nephew, said the uncle, this matter shall be discussed another time. Adieu; you are a man, and I do not trouble you.

The honest Strephon retired grudgingly. Alas! said he, I fear his passion is too deeply rooted to admit of cure. A base, pitiful passion, avarice, how